

840 on 1 27

A N

O D E

FOR THE

B I R T H - D A Y,

M D C C X X I.

As it was Sung before

H I S M A J E S T Y.

Aggredere, O! magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores!
Hic Vir, Hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis! Virg.
Plurima securi fudistis Carmina Bardæ. Lucan.

Written by L. E U S D E N, Esquire,
Servant to His M A J E S T Y.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J A C O B T O N S O N, at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-against
Katharine-Street in the Strand. M D C C X X I.

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H I S M A J E S T Y

Agreeable to the Order of the House of Commons
The King's most Excellent Majesty
Plac'd by the House of Commons

Written by A. A. U. S. D. E. A. H. H. H. H.
Belonging to His Majesty's Library

L O N D O N

Printed for J. A. S. T. O. N. at the Royal Academy of Sciences
Kew. Printed in the Year M D C C X I



O D E
F O R T H E
B I R T H - D A Y,
M D C C X X I.

R E C I T A T I V O.



W H E N the great *Julius* on BRITANNIA'S
Strand
First leap'd, He cry'd, Thou sweet, delight-
ful Land!

'Tis *Cæsar* tells thee, He must thee command.

Brave Heroe! the pleas'd Legions shout around;

Brave Heroe! all the list'ning Cliffs resound:

Thy Equal in no future Age shall rise:

One *Cæsar* rule the Earth, one *Jove* the Skies!

B

A I R.

A I R.

Vales of Pleasure are her Vales,
Peaceful smile her silent Dales.

Smoothly flow her chrystal Floods,
Verdant rise her shady Woods.

Nor let fam'd *Olympus* dare

With *Albion's* Mountains to compare;

Tho' big with fabl'd Gods, he throwds

His lofty Head amid' the Clouds.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Straight from a hallow'd Grove there sprung,

Wreath'd with an acorn'd Crown of Oak,

The ruling *Druid* of the Throng,

And thus the hoary Prophet spoke.

“ *Cæsar!* wilt thou lend an Ear?

“ Thou, the boasted Pride of *Rome!*

“ Truths ungrateful can't thou bear,

“ And not tremble at thy Doom?

A I R.

The Soldiers, with rash Fury fir'd,

No Foresight from the Seer desir'd;

Not Him, as sacred Priest, rever'd,

Nor all his threat'n'd Dangers fear'd;

Swift had he felt a mangl'd Death

For his mis-tim'd, prophetic Breath:

But

But *Cæsar* heard the whisper'd Ruin run
 Thro' all the Cohorts, e'er the Crime was done;
 And with one awful, *Roman* Look,
 Their impious Conspiracy broke,
 And silent, more than speaking, spoke;
 Then greatly bad the daring Bard sing on.

R E C I T A T I V O.

" Will wild Ambition know no Bound?
 With heav'd-up Hands the *Druid* cry'd.
 " Thou, *Cæsar*, now shin'st in thy Pride;
 " Thy Conquests, Warrior, are renown'd:
 " Enough!----Would'st thou be deify'd?
 " Proud Mortal, know!----the fatal Ides shall come,
 " When thou thy self shalt bleed for bleeding *Rome*.

A I R.

" Tho' thy flatt'ring Minions tell thee,
 " None can rise, who shall excell thee;
 " In revolving Years, believe me,
 " (Heroe! I will not deceive thee)
 " From distant, *German* Climes, shall rise
 " A Heroe, more, than *Julius*, Wise;
 " More Good, more Prais'd, more truly Great,
 " Courted to sway *BRITANNIA*'s State:
 " Such are the fix'd Decrees of Fate.

The Priest, the Bard, the Prophet then withdrew,
 And to the thickest, Sylvan Covert flew.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S

Britons! *the promis'd Blessing you behold,*
So many finish'd Centuries foretold.
Inhuman Cæsar strove to chain Mankind,
Your gen'rous Monarch labours to unbind.
That, to himself with Joy saw Altars rais'd;
This, blushes ev'n to hear his Merit prais'd.
He owns his Glories to the Pow'r Divine;
Asks but his People's Love, and not a Shrine.
Cæsar records his Fame from captive Lands,
But GEORGE from rescu'd Kingdoms His demands.
Europe's firm Peace is now his glorious Aim;
The Love of Peace from Heav'n derives its Flame.
Hush'd was the World, when the Messiah came.

F I N I S



C H O R U S